The Tongue Instructed.

Guard well thy lips; none, none can keep
Prov. xiii. 3.
What evils from the tongue may flow;
James iii. 6, 8.
What guilt, what grief may be incurred
Judges xi. 35.
By one incautious, hasty word.
Mark vi. 22, 27.
Be "slow to speak," look well within,
Prov. x. 19.
To check what there may lead to sin;
James i. 26.
And pray unceasingly for aid,
Col. iv. 2.
Lest unawares thou be betrayed.
Luke xxi. 34.
"Condemn not, judge not"—not to man
James iv. 2.
Is given his brother's faults to scan;
1 Cor. iv. 5.
One task is thine, and one alone—
Matt. vii. 4, 5.
To search out and subdue thine own.
John viii. 7.
Indulge no murmuring, oh, restrain
1 Cor. x. 10.
Those lips, so ready to complain;
Lam. iii. 21.
And if they can be numbered, count
Ps. ciii.
Of one day's mercies the amount.
Lam. iii. 22.
Shun vain discussions, trifling themes
Tit. iii. 9.
Dwell not on earthly hopes and schemes;
Deut. vi. 4-7.
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love,
James iii. 13.
Thy heart's true renovation prove.
Luke vi. 45.
Set God before thee; every word
Gen. xvii. 1.
Thy lips pronounce by Him is heard;
Ps. cxxxix. 4.
Oh, could'st thou realize this thought,
Matt. xii. 36.
What care, what caution would be taught!
Luke xii. 3.
"The time is short," this day may be
1 Cor. vii. 29.
The very last assigned to thee;
Eph. v. 16.
So speak, that should'st thou ne'er speak more,
Col. iv. 6.
Thou may'st not this day's words deplore.
Rom. xiv. 12.

MR. BEVEL'S HOBBY.

It was in a quaint, old-fashioned quarter of London that old Mr. Bevel lived. He had been young, Mr. Bevel, in his time, when the quarter was not so quaint, nor the street so shabby, though even then the irresistible reflux of fashion had begun to set in another direction. But gentility lingered after fashion was past, and when Mr. Bevel installed his bride in her new home, the region was still spoken of as "eminently respectable." Alas! nobody called it respectable now. The very fact of residence there implied a certain ignomy—a fact understood and resented by all the Bevel family except its head. Even Mrs. Bevel, who, when first transplanted thither from her country surroundings, had looked upon the London residence as unspeakable promotion, regarded it now with a contemptuous disfavor, which was instigated and egged on by her sons and daughters.

"It is really quite too bad," declared Maud, the eldest-born and beauty of the family. "I'm absolutely ash-med to let Arthur come and see me. It might be enough to lose him his place in society."

"Arthur" was Maud's fiancee, Arthur Brook, and the society thus imposingly alluded to consisted of his fellow-clerks in one of the lesser public offices—a limited though "stylish" circle in the neighborhood of Westbourne Grove, and an oft-quoted second-cousinship to that city magnate Peter Brook, of Lombard street and Lancaster gate, whilom Lord Mayor of London, and a great man in his own set. The readiness of a young man so connected to show himself occasionally in such a locality as that inhabited by his lady-love and her family could not be regarded as less than condescension. Maud felt it; the boys felt it; everybody felt it except that insensible parent in whose hands lay the power to stay and the power to go. Mrs. Bevel felt it also, but she deemed it her duty to protest against Maud's remark.

"My dear, you are foolish to talk so. Arthur is quite too sensible to mind where we live, I am sure."

"Nothing of the sort, mamma. He minds a great deal. There is nothing he hates like an omnibus, and cabs all this distance are an immense expense. He ought not to take them half so often as he does." For all her blue, sleepy eyes and fluff of golden hair, pretty Maud had a keen eye for the main chance.

"Yes, and the most provoking thing about it is that if pa would only stop buying those ridiculous old things he is so fond of, we could go where we liked and live like other people," remarked Matilda, the next girl in age, casting a look of displeasure round the room. It was a hideous room. Matilda thought, old-timey and queer; but to an artist it would have been a treasure-trove, a veritable paradise of quaint and picturesque and valuable disorder.

For old Mr. Bevel's hobby was bric-a-brac, and the house was stuffed with his acquisitions through forty years of practice. Like all pioneers in special lines of taste, he suffered the fate of being regarded by his contemporaries as little better than a maniac. With him the taste was inborn. He had been a collector before his marriage, twice a collector since. Beginning in those early days when there were few competitors in the art, he had worked the rich mine thoroughly before others became aware of its value. Little by little his treasures had accumulated. Armor, brasses, carved furniture, china of every age and style, fragments of rich stuffs, of altar linen, ancient missals and breviaries, quaint tomes in early English, ivories creamed by time to a delicious yellow, bits of bronze, of silver, old tapestries threadbare and tarnished but still splendid, lace, pictures, parchments, spoils of cottage and cathedral and quaint Tudor mansion—there they were, crowding every crevice and corner, every cupboard and closet, till Mrs. Bevel declared that she couldn't turn round in peace, and should inevitably go crazy if one single thing more were added to the stock.

"Oh, dear!" Matilda sighed, as her eye ran over the accustomed objects which to her were such unspeakable grievances. "I fairly dread to see pa come home, he is so sure to fetch some ugly thing or other to add to our trials. Maud's cinnamon has just got the loveliest pair of vases—blue, with the emperor and empress on them, and only ten and six a pair—fancy! I wanted some like them so dreadfully that I borrowed one to show pa, hoping he'd be tempted. But, fancy, he just made up a sort of a face, and gave it a push, and said: 'Take it away, my dear—take it away. It's extraordinary that no one of you has ever learned to know a good thing from a worthless one.' Then when I said they were only ten and six, he shrieked out: 'Ten and six! they're not worth a farthing!'"

"It's pretty hard on us all," observed Bryan, the older son. "I asked the governor this morning if he couldn't afford to give me a run on the Continent this vacation—just a short one, you know, with a second-class ticket; I don't want to travel swell—and he said, in a sort of abstracted way, as if it were of no consequence in the world: 'No, I think not. There's Sister's sale next month, and I've been watching his Henri Deux these five years. I shall want my money, my boy.' Henri Deux, indeed! What's that? Some rubbishy old plate, I suppose, which I should like to smash."

"And the worst is," put in Mrs. Bevel, "that these things your father buys are like so much money thrown into the sea. Nobody but he will ever think of wanting them. There's no sale for such old rubbish—none whatever. It's just so much out of your fortunes, my dears."

"Only papa enjoys them so much," ventured Rose, the youngest girl. Out of the large family, she was the only one who had the least sympathy with her father's pursuits. It was the sympathy of affection—unappreciative, but comforting.

"There's pa now," said Maud, as the door clicked below.

Slowly Mr. Bevel climbed the stairs, like one who bears a burden. A literal burden it turned out to be; for presently he entered, carrying in both arms a huge, grotesque wooden sign-board. A flush of pleasure tinged his thin face.

"See, Mary," he exclaimed—"see, my dears—what a windfall I have just discovered. This is the identical sign of La Belle Sauvage, which was one of the most famous coffee-houses a century or more ago. I dare say you'd find mention of it in the 'Spectator.' If you'll look, or the 'Rambler.' See what a quaint thing it is. The head was black and red once, but it's faded brown now. And do you notice this little extinguisher below? That was for the link-boys to put out their torches with. London was a queer old place in those days. I don't know when I've been so pleased with anything;" and he rubbed his hands.

"Good gracious!" sighed Mrs. Bevel; while Maud pertly asked: "What on earth are you going to do with it, pa?"

"Do with it? It's a curiosity, my dear."

"Oh! And what did it cost, pa?"

"That's the best part of it all," said the happy Mr. Bevel, rubbing his hands. "I got it for a song—only two pounds fifteen."

"Two pounds fifteen!" screamed Maud. "Oh, pa, when we all need so many things!"

"Two pounds fifteen!" chimed in Matilda, almost crying; "and those lovely blue vases only ten and six; and you wouldn't even look at them, pa."

"By George! it's quite too bad," muttered Bryan. "My round-trip ticket would only have been six pounds;" while Mrs. Bevel repeated, in a still fainter tone, "Good gracious!" as if her cup of woe were indeed full.

Dejected and discomfited, her husband slunk away, his brief-lived glow of satisfaction merged in sudden depression and penitence. No one but little Rose followed. She found him in the farther drawing-room, propping his purchase up on a slim Chippendale card table, with all the light gone out of his face. He did not seem to care about the sign-board any longer.

"It's a very curious thing, isn't it, papa?" she said, slipping her hand into his arm. "I never saw anything like it before."

"No, my dear, I suppose not; and you are not likely to see anything like it again. Most of these old signs have been destroyed; they go growing fewer every day." He began to tell her the history of the old coffee house, and as he talked his cheerfulness gradually returned. Rose was often a comfort to her father—the only one he had, poor man, in the family, by whom his ruling passion was held to be a nuisance and wrong and daily disadvantage.

The great sale. Old Mr. Bevel's collection became gradually celebrated among the now rapidly increasing army of bric-a-brac fanciers. Now and again some stranger would call at the house and ask leave to inspect this or that curious object; but these visits remained a perpetual puzzle to Mrs. Bevel and her brood. What on earth could any one find to rave about in those old things? Of tremendous noble—and they said no collection like it had ever been offered for sale, and they didn't believe there would be such another again. Everything was choice; selected with the utmost judgment and ability, one of them said. I declare I'd give a good deal if I could ask the poor old governor's pardon. He was the wisest of us all, and none of us suspected it."

"Well, I never was so astonished!" gasped Maud. "Forty-three thousand pounds! Why, it makes rich people of us. How pleased Arthur will be!"

"Yes; and he wasn't overpleased when he thought we were only going to have two hundred pounds apiece," said Matilda. "I never would have believed it. "Dear pa, if we only had known, how differently we should have felt about it all!"

Little Rose had stolen away to her own room, where stood the ebony chair, her father's last gift. She touched it gently, with tears in her eyes.

"Dear papa! poor papa!" she murmured, "if only we had known. For I was as bad as the rest of them sometimes, papa. I was, indeed; and I thought you were foolish and whimsical, and felt vexed with you. How unkind we were, and all the while you were doing this for us. Oh, papa, papa, I hope that wherever you are, you know that we understand it all now, and love you, and are so sorry. Do you, papa?"

So, though too late for his satisfaction in this life, old Mr. Bevel's hobby was vindicated in the end. Let us hope, with little Rose, that wherever he is now, he has the comfort of knowing it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Dry Canal Across the Isthmus.

Mr. Adolph Toellner, of Moline, Ill., has developed a new scheme for transporting ships across the isthmus of Panama. The new idea contemplates the construction over the isthmus of what may be termed a dry canal, in the form of a *letter V*, but having a narrow, flat base, which, with the sides, is constructed of masonry and lined with steel, with a layer of rubber between. This canal is to be of width sufficient to receive the largest vessel, and at each end of the route to slope gently into the sea. In this canal, or channel, is what he calls a movable dry dock, constructed of steel, built in sections conforming in shape to the channel, and supported at the base and sides upon a multitude of small rollers similar in principle to the skate roller. Of these rollers his plan calls for over 18,000.

The movable dock is to be sunk under the water; the vessel to be transported is floated into it, the hull is supported evenly in the dock by hundreds of air-bags inflated by a powerful air pump; by rubber wedges and by wooden stays. It is then drawn up the incline by stationary engines, and thence across the isthmus by powerful locomotives running upon tracks laid alongside the canal. These are the principal points involved. Mr. Toellner estimates the cost of the Nicaragua canal, built on this plan, at $20,000,000 to $40,000,000. As this plan admits of easy grades, avoiding locks, with their expense and delay, it is believed that it can be built and operated more cheaply than any other system of marine transportation, while it is adapted to any place where it is desired to move floating craft from one water to another; to overcome rapids and other obstructions.—*Exchange.*

A STEAM-THRESHER AT WORK.

The Description a Boston Girl, who Married and Went to Kansas, Gives Her Mother—Boarding the Men.

The Boston *Transcript* publishes the following lively letter, written by a young married lady in Kansas to her mother in Boston, and giving a picture of farm life in the far West that is highly interesting and picturesque. The dreaded day is past and our threshing is done, and a load is lifted from me. Only think of a gang of sixteen ravenous men sling into our little house! You remember I wrote you of Mr. Le Bar, who was almost ruined by the cyclone—losing house, crops and tools, and leaving his wife with a broken arm? It was his machine that came to do our threshing. It is a curious fact that the engine was not destroyed, but was out of the track of the whirlwind on another part of his farm; so the separator was the only thing lost, and this he has replaced. We have heard his whistle on different farms around us, morning and evening, for two or three weeks. They do very rapid work, which is the attraction to most people, although they are compelled to have a larger gang than with other machines. A horse-power cannot maintain the even movement required. The tired horses lag behind as they revolve around the driver, who promptly sends that long, frontier black-snake of a whip with a crack over their straining shoulders. They start again with a spring, and the machine rattles away for a minute or two, then gradually the measured beat and thud within the vibrating thresher becomes fainter as the horses again try to ease their tired limbs. With steam power all this is obviated. The engineer sets the gauge as he wishes to thresh—rapidly or slowly. It all depends on the condition of the grain. With strong, even movements the powerful engine draws the long band over the wheels and pulleys that start the machine, each man leaps or walks to his place, and the work begins.

When dinner was over, and the long file walked down the hill, I drew a deep breath of relief that one meal was past, and immediately began to arrange for a second one. When all was planned out, the table set, the room darkened, and the floor sprinkled with water (for it was overpoweringly hot, 103 degrees in the shade), I went through the garden under the cool shade of the peach trees, and stood by the grapevines, looking at their work. The long black belt glistened in the sun as it swiftly flew back and forth; there was a bewildering amount of flying sheaves from the men on the stack; and the poor little Dutch shoemaker, who stood on the straw-stack taking care of the refuse as it was elevated and dropped at his feet, seemed almost overpowered by dust and heat. Gradually the machine stopped, and the four men who go with it began to loosen screws and change selves before threshing the oats.

H——— came up at this moment, saying that Mr. Grund, a comical little German, had come to him and said in a deep whisper, "Your wife ish standin' under that peach tree yonder!" He thought I wanted him for something and came at once, but ran back immediately, for the black belt was moving with a long hiss. I followed more slowly until I stood by the engine. Mr. LeBar is his own engineer. He is a pleasant man, very different from most of the people we hear around us; tall and strong, with a twinkling eye that speaks for his good nature whenever he smiles. He greeted me pleasantly, and politely answered all my questions, which I suppose have been put to him by every one for whom he has threshed. When he laughed or smiled, I was reminded of Romney Leigh, "with a mouth twice graver than his eyes." The merry crow's feet tapered on his temples when I said something about my apprehension at the sight of every uncanny-looking cloud ever since the cyclone day. He shoved a huge stick into the glowing, roaring fire, shut the door, and, leaning his broad shoulder against the wheel of the engine, said: "Now do you look at it so! It don't affect me a particle. I can shove through the worst gale that ever blew if my wife would let me! But she is just the opposite. She works herself into a fever at every cloud. Three times a week, on an average, she opens that cellar door, and lays those children around it. What she means to do with them in case it comes, I can't say; but it appears to be her intention to shove them all in!" "Well, I can sympathize with her, I said, laughing. "If your arm had been broken you might not be so free from fear. How is her arm now?" "Gaining slowly," he answered, in sympathetic tones. "It is her right arm, and she will use it some. It was broken between the elbow and shoulder. Three of the children were at school, or we might have had more trouble than we did."

At this moment his eye wandered over the men at work beyond us, and again glowed with fun. I followed his glance, and saw one of the young fellows dancing an awkward breakdown on the stack in an instant's pause of his work. "Come, Luke," roared one of the band-cutters, "we'd sooner hev them bundles than your dancin'. You can save that for that gal of yours." The men near them laughed and Lucas fell to work in shame-faced silence. I often pity these people when they are assailed by others with rough jests. They might never do a deed worse than a few light words, if it only pointed to them to do so, but the majority suffer in awkward silence, though now and then a few bold spirits have courage enough to say, "Oh, you go 'long!" I stood a little longer, then turned to go up the hill, just as the four horses drew near with the water-cart, "dripping with coolness."

I had the four men to take care of that night and the next morning.

I don't know when I have been so grateful as I was when Mr. LeBar told me that they would not be here for dinner. I mentally resolved that H. should eat bread and milk, and wandered down again to see the machine from my stand under the peach tree. There was something fascinating to me about it. The measured, roaring beat of the thresher, the smooth, swiftly-gliding belt, and the silent power of the engine, controlling and guiding all as the ceaseless flow of bundles poured upon it. A little tremulous motion, like the rise and fall of the breath that gives us life, seemed to quiver through it as it did its work swiftly, for the men were less hurry to leave for the "next job." On it went, until one sharp "toot" told the men to stop feeding, and it was as curious to see the silent, busy gang, alert and active the instant before, drop on the ground or lean heavily on their forks as they wiped their dripping foreheads and began to talk to each other. The little shoemaker on the stack leaned forward and cried, "Gim me that there water-bucket." One of the men elevated it on his pitchfork to the poor old man, who was choked with dust.

As the threshers hurried their preparations for departure the hired hands slowly disappeared, each one passing me, and though I greeted them pleasantly enough, I was filled with the inhospitable thought, "How thankful I am you are not going up that hill after your dinner." The fire was raked out, while the separator started first. Then the water-cart, and lastly the engine slowly disappeared around the hill, leaving a long broad line of wilted grass where the hissing steam came rushing out of the boiler.

"Five hundred bushels," said the landlord; "we'll double that next year." "Alas!" came a voice from under the peach tree, "let some one else board the men."

Surrounded by Snakes.

Three young men from New York, Gideon Hensch, William Croft and Henry Dickison, spent their vacation in a camping out trip in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Hensch relates the following story: "We are all of us clerks in insurance offices in New York, and we concluded to spend our vacation this year in the wilds of Pike county, where we expected to find game of all kinds in abundance. We took with us a large 'A' tent, camping utensils of all kinds and some 'tanglefoot.' Upon arriving at Lackawaxen we were told that the best shooting in the county was near 'Little York Woods' in Blooming Grove township; so we hired a team and went thither. We finally found what seemed like a good camping place—six miles from any house—and we pitched our tent, sent our driver back to Lackawaxen and prepared ourselves to enjoy the luxury of 'camping out.' Night soon came on, and to keep away wild animals we built a fire just outside the door of our tent. About ten o'clock I fell asleep and shortly after was awakened by a peculiar whirring noise. I found that Croft and Dickison were both asleep, and as the noise still continued I seized my gun and pulled aside the tent door-flap. The sight that met my eyes fairly paralyzed me. The fire which still burned brightly was surrounded by rattlesnakes in every conceivable position. I quickly aroused Croft and Dickison and, armed with our stout ash Alpinestocks, we stepped outside and began to slaughter the reptiles. We had already killed six, and as I was striking at the seventh, who was an unusually large one, he sprang at me and bit me in the fleshy part of the hand, near the wrist. I immediately threw down my stick and ran into the tent. Then I took a razor and cut an incision in the flesh directly across the wound, applied my lips to the cut and sucked from it the blood and poison. I then bathed the wound with brandy and drank a large quantity of whisky. Croft and Dickison had in the meanwhile dispatched the remainder of the reptiles. In the morning we measured the snakes killed, and their aggregate length was sixty-one feet, three and a half inches. There were thirteen killed. During the following day I kept taking liquor in quite large doses and felt no inconvenience from the bite. But," said Mr. Hensch, baring his wrist and pointing to the wound, "we moved our tent further on, and all the wealth of Golconda would not tempt me to spend a night in that locality again." Mr. Croft told a correspondent that after they changed their camping place they were not troubled by the snakes again.

An Engine's Terrible Run.

A railroad accident occurred on Meta mountain, Friday, says a recent issue of the Denver (Col.) *Tribune*, by which Pat McCool lost his life, and which resulted in the demolition of several freight cars and a caboose. The train was out at the little station at Sangre de Cristo creek, on the west side of the Sangre de Cristo range, being too heavy for the engine to take up the grade. The first half was switched on the summit and the engine started to return for the purpose of bringing up the rear cars. As the engine started back the forward journey accounts broke, totally disabling the left side, while the strain on the machinery threw the lifter on the right side out of shape, thus putting the locomotive entirely beyond the control of the engineer. There was nothing to control it by. Realizing at once the impending danger, the engineer told the fireman and brakeman to jump off, and began to whistle off brakes to the conductor and brakeman on the train down the mountain. The engine was then about three-quarters of a mile from the rear part of the train, its rate of speed in descending increasing every moment.

The men below did not understand the signal, and it was not till the engine was within one-quarter of a mile from the cars that the danger was observed. The conductor hurried the passengers out of the caboose and let off the brakes. All the persons in the train got off except a drunken laborer named Pat McCool. He refused to move, and there was no time to move him by force, so the caboose and cars, the brakes being let loose, darted down the mountain, pursued by the flying engine. Behind the caboose, and of course in front of the train as it shot down the mountain, were two hand-cars. Going round the curve at Sangre de Cristo tank, the grade being 217 feet to the mile and the momentum very rapid, the hand-cars left the track and ditched the caboose, the freight cars pushing hard behind, swinging the caboose around and passing by, going to the ditch beyond and on the other side. This left the caboose half on the track and only partly on its side. The engine came tearing along at a terrible speed, and, when about forty yards from the caboose, the engineer jumped off, followed by the fireman and brakeman, who until then refused to leave him. Just at this moment the drunken laborer came staggering out on the rear platform of the caboose, and was crushed between the engine and the caboose into an almost unrecognizable mass.

A Lawyer's Big Fee.

During the first year of the war, Capt. Pellatier, a Frenchman by birth, but a naturalized American, was sailing with his merchant vessel in Haytian waters, when he was seized upon by a war vessel of that country. His vessel and property were confiscated, and he and his crew condemned to death on a charge of piracy, notwithstanding they clearly proved their innocence. All the crew except him were executed; why he was not also he never knew. He was kept a prisoner for two years in a very unhealthy prison, during which his health was permanently ruined. Finally, he escaped to the United States. He presented his case to the authorities at Washington, but owing to the excitement and press of other business during the war, his case was neglected by the authorities, and continued so until four years ago. At that time Judge Cason was serving his second term in Congress, and at the suggestion of General Ben Butler, Captain Pellatier employed him to press the claim. Judge Cason advanced money to prosecute the case, both at Washington and in Hayti, and for Captain Pellatier to live on, who by this time was in straitened circumstances. Finally, he got the United States authorities to recognize the claim as just, and through the United States Minister at Hayti present it to that government. But here was a further delay, as that government disputed the claim, the government having been changed by revolution since the outrage. At last the United States, through her Minister, demanded a settlement at once, and the Haytians went to work in earnest to examine into the claim. Last week Judge Cason received a letter from Mr. Langston, United States Minister to Hayti, that that government had agreed to settle the demand of Captain Pellatier at $600,000, payable $200,000 in three, six and twelve months. Only a few days ago the Captain wrote Judge Cason that he was actually suffering for want of the necessaries of life. In a few days he will be a wealthy man. By agreement, Judge Cason has a fee of thirty-seven per cent. of the amount recovered, giving him a fee of $222,000, by far the largest fee ever paid an Indiana lawyer.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New York Fashions.

Handsome black cashmere costumes are imported for general wear. It is now preferred that the skirt for such suits should be of cashmere instead of silk, and in many French suits the skirt is made of silk of light quality, but is covered in all its visible parts with cashmere. Thus a black silk round skirt will have the whole front and side gores covered with a single breadth of very wide cashmere, because the short front of the polonaise displays all the skirt front; but the back of the skirt has the silk covered with cashmere only about a fourth of a yard above the border flounce, as the long back of the polonaise conceals it. To make such skirts, the cashmere breadth is widely shirred down the middle fold, and this shirring is sewed down the middle of the front breadth of the skirt; it has only this single row of shirring, and is shaped to slope with the second side seam, where it is gathered in the whole length of the seam. The back breadths are then partly covered at the bottom, and the whole is finished with a border flounce, or, what is still more fashionable, a cluster of three side-plaitings, each three inches deep when finished, and made to lap on the edges. The upper and lower of these plaitings should be of cashmere, and the middle one of silk. The panier polonaise is then elaborately trimmed with wide black embroidery in open-worked designs, or with the new fringe, or else with the gay India cashmere stuffs, arranged to form a fichu, collar, belt and cuffs.

The new woolen goods for fall are largely made up of two styles, viz.: those with glace effects—or a ground-work of one color shot with a contrasting color—and secondly, the gay colors and designs of Oriental cashmeres, especially those made familiar to us in camel's-hair shawls. The shot or changeable stuffs come in repped goods, in twilled serges and in cloth. Some are all wool, soft and flexible, while others have a mixture of silk, which is shown in tiny specks or stitches, or, oftener still, in raised figures of Eastern designs. The satines are very handsome in the plain glace grounds, and to combine with these are satin-striped satines that also show two changeable shades. Blue with olive, red with blue, and green with red are favorite colors.

The cashmere stuffs are as handsome as the rich raw silk and Persian goods used for upholstery. They come in the gayest colors, and also in many subdued blendings of rich dark colors that cannot fail to be popular. The palm leaf is revived in all sizes and shades; arabesques and stripes are shown in broken, undefined patterns, where there is nothing set, nothing stiff. Some of the cloths for overdresses and for wraps have a melange of colors and lines so artistic and so irregular as those of Turkish carpets. Some of the most expensive of these goods have a great deal of silk in them, and this is nearly all brought to the surface. These gay cashmere patterns are to be used in combination with plain, self-colored goods, or else with changeable stuffs of dark shades that suggest something of the prevailing hues of the figured goods. Old gold with black predominates in these stuffs, but every color in the catalogue is represented.

The new French rule for combining two materials in a suit is that of making the basque or jacket of the gay cashmere, and the skirt of plain, somber goods, with merely some border of the cashmere. For instance, there will be a kilt skirt and apron overskirt of plain brown cloth, with perhaps a single wide scarf of the Oriental goods draped across the apron and tied to hang on one side. The basque will then be made entirely of the gay cashmere stuff, all palm leaves and arabesques of colors as rich as those in the border of an India shawl. Ladies who do not adopt novelties will have instead of this a fichu of the gay palm-leaf cashmere, or a vest, with collar, cuffs and sash, while the remainder of the costume is Rembrandt green and camel's hair, or Japanese blue, garnet, amaranth or seal brown. The tiny muff will be ordered with cashmere, or else the center will be the gay color, and the ends will be trimmed with black fur. The felt poke-bonnet will have changeable satin trimming, with narrower cashmere ribbon sewed down the middle of the wide strings, and feathers that show cashmere colors in combination.

For black costumes the fancy will be that suggested last season, of having brocaded velvet for the basque, and plain silk or satin for the two skirts. Brocaded silks of a single color were also used in the spring for basques that were to be worn with skirts of plain silk. This plan, together with other combinations of two materials, should commend itself to people of small means and limited wardrobes, as it affords an economical way of using dresses that are partly worn and of utilizing small patterns.

Why Ladies Don't Swim.

A Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says: Attentive observation has led me to the conclusion that the fear of wetting the hair, more than any other one thing, prevents ladies from learning to swim. No one can be a fearless swimmer who is disconcerted by being submerged whether by a wave or any other accident. Submersions of one kind or another are incidents of every swimmer's experience, and voluntary divings and duckings are the only safe means of becoming accustomed thereto. I have talked with intelligent ladies this summer, to whom the idea of habitually holding the breath when under water seemed perfectly new and original. To one who has gone through the rough aquatic training incident to American boyhood, this seems well nigh incredible; but let the reader test it fairly by asking his lady friends what they would do with their breath if they found themselves under water? The great obstacle to acquiring this experience appears, in the female mind, to be the fear of wetting the hair, and I have been able only in a few instances—Vassar students, these, most of them—to persuade individual ladies to encounter the temporary inconvenience of wet hair for the sake of acquiring the fearlessness inseparable from confident swimming.

Why She Wept.

A young lady of Douglass, Mo., recently showed more good sense than is common with lovesick damsels. She had been courted by a young man who took the name of Westmoreland, and who, though but an acquaintance of two weeks, had secured her consent and that of her parents to their marriage. The twain were on their way to be married, when Westmoreland was arrested by Sheriff Donald, of Springfield, Mo. It appears that the real name of Westmoreland was Wood, that he had been indicted for fraudulent voting, had skipped from Springfield, and that the sheriff had been sent in search of him. When the young lady was informed of the facts she cried as though her heart would break. Sheriff Donald asked her if she wept for her lover, and she gave the sensible answer, "No; I'm mad to think what a fool I was."

The South will raise this year about 5,000,000 bales of cotton, 200,000 hogsheads of sugar and very nearly 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco. This will be half a million more bales of cotton, twice as much sugar, and 12,000,000 more pounds of tobacco than she ever raised before.

The Kind Reply.

"I've written you a letter, friend,"
A little missive run;
"I've opened all my earnest heart
And told you every plan.
In confidence I've quite confessed
Myself, you can't deny;
And this much I will ask of you
Oh, write a kind reply."

I thought of this most humble wish,
And could not understand
Why "kind replies" are not as thick
As are the grains of sand;
As numerous as the smiling stars
That answer us from heaven;
As plenty as the aching hearts
For which earth's balm is given.

Who has not sometimes felt when sad,
By care and pain oppressed,
A little sunbeam strike the soul
And tarry there to rest?
It might be but the hearty shake
Of some dear hand near by—
A tender look, a loving word,
A smile, or kind reply.

How many feet we might have turned
From out the evil way,
And started on the narrow path
Up toward the gate of day,
If we, when at the Three Cross Roads,
Whence came the questioning cry,
"Which way?" had turned back in our haste
And given a kind reply

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A cold spell—I-c-e.

Jackson (Mich.) convicts are to make 20,000 dozen hay-forks for England.

P. T. Barnum has sold $1,000,544 tickets to his "show" in the last forty years.

The kangaroos are dying out. They have for years been on their last legs.—*Picayune.*

It is claimed that there are eighty-five silver producing mines in Leadville, Colorado.

Extensive beds of saltpeter have been found in Utah about eighty miles from Salt Lake.

Women's inhumanity to man is what keeps the broom market steady.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The deepest spot in the Hudson river is opposite West Point, where the water is 216 feet deep.

Flood, the California millionaire, weights 220 pounds, and has a private park containing 2,000 acres.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"San-too-out-choo" is the name given to a material found in a Nevada mine, and from which soap is manufactured.

A child was born at the Berrien (Mich.) poorhouse in February last, whose father is eighty years old and the mother twenty. All three are now county charges.

Victor Hugo says, "In the twentieth century war, capital punishment, monarchy, dogmas, and frontiers will all disappear. There will be for all one great country—the earth; and one great hope—heaven."

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

The man who is superlatively fastidious about the purity of the water he imbibes will deliberately drink alleged champagne without question whether it is the offspring of the grape or the oil well.—*Boston Transcript.*

Economical: Young wife (shopping)—"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb." Butcher—"Yes, m; for quarter o' lamb, 'm?" Young wife—"Well, I think three-quarters will be enough!"—*London Punch.*

Julia Sears, an Iowa girl, has harvested 20,000 bundles of wheat this summer, will do her assistance but her aged father. That is the kind of a girl to be proud of. The old man, by the way, harvested 30,000 of the bundles.—*St. Louis Times.*

That was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rosebush, on the topmost stem of which a rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and earnestly exclaimed to her brother, "See, William, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

Census Statistics.

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Graphic* says: Professor Francis A. Walker, superintendent of the census, is hard at work, surrounded by a dozen or more clerks, making preparations for taking the census of 1880. The census year began on the 1st of July last and will end on the 30th of June next, and this year will be devoted to preparation until June 1 next, when the actual work of enumerating the number of inhabitants will commence. Professor Walker wants as accurate a photograph of the country's population on that day as can be obtained, and the work of the enumerators will be as nearly simultaneous as possible, so that nobody shall escape being counted as a citizen of this glorious republic. In the cities, where the people are moving, the men will work rapidly, and the districts will be made so small that they may be completed in a very few days; but in the country, where the population is regular in its movements, two or three weeks will be allowed to a district.

When Congress meets the President will submit to the Senate a list of 150 supervisors of the census, who are to be chosen by Professor Walker for their especial fitness, and who are to have charge of the 150 districts into which the United States is to be divided. New York is to have eleven of the 150, Pennsylvania ten, Ohio and Illinois eight each. Professor Walker is now engaged in dividing up the country in this way, and is in communication with governors of States, Congressmen, mayors of cities and others with a view of obtaining information. As soon as the district boundaries are settled upon, the work of selecting the supervisors will commence, which will be one of importance, as the duties to be performed properly will require not only a man of executive ability, but one who has general information, personal acquaintance with the manufacturing and productions of his section, and familiar with statistics. The selection of enumerators will then be taken up, and men will be appointed to look after the particular industries who are most familiar with them. Experts will be obtained as far as possible. Pamphlets of instructions to the enumerators are now being prepared, so as to be ready at the time of the appointment of the supervisors. F. H. Wines, of the Illinois State Board of Charities, will have charge of the industries respecting charitable and reformatory institutions. Some prominent physicians will be selected to direct the investigation into mortality and hygienic statistics, and the inquiries into agriculture and manufacture will be conducted by experts in these subjects.

...EN, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Hints for Farmers.

An old poultry raiser, who believes in ... for fowls, says: "It is meat and drink both. Some of the finest chickens I ever saw were raised upon the free use of milk with their food. Peas by no ... way, or better, when furnished with ... thistles upon any known article offered ... them."

Never try to get a heavy day's work out of a team. "Moderate and steady going are what count in a long race, and the farmer's race is a long one. It takes but a few hours, or even a few minutes, to so tax a horse that he is out of fix for months.

The petunia plant is said to be a preventive of potato bugs. In vicinities where the wild petunia grows the potato plants are said to be free from the dreaded pestilence. It does not at present appear in what way the bugs are affected.

A lean at pasture at night will be useful for a team, but either the pasture should be good or the horses should receive a feed of grain before being turned out; pasture alone will not be sufficient for a tired horse that is kept at work every day.

A farmer of some experience says that he has raised turnips with corn many years, and has never had reason to suppose the corn crop was at all lessened by the turnips, for really they are not an interference. They make nearly all their growth after the corn is ripe.

The cultivation of turnips and ruta-bagas consists of securing a free from weeds, and thinning out to a proper distance. One good root at every nine inches is far better than two or three poor ones in that space. To have good sound roots of any kind, sufficient room must be given.—*American Agriculturist.*

French poultrymen sometimes feed their poultry for the market with boiled and steamed carrots. The fattening qualities of the root are quite wonderful, and it is said that a peculiar flavor is imparted to the flesh that suits the taste of the French epicure. The large, yellow carrots are considered the best for this purpose.

The lovers of flowers should watch the cuttings and layers they have been propagating. As soon as they begin to make a root they should be potted into small pots, the smaller the better so they are kept moist, and given a sunny place. As soon as the pots are well filled with roots, repot them into larger pots, and they will make nice plants for winter.—*Cultivator.*

Families of farmers in drying fruits are reminded that the solar heat is not sufficiently intense to destroy the eggs that may have been deposited in the fruit when green or during the process of drying. If put in a moderately warm oven for ten minutes, all parasites and their eggs would be destroyed. In countries where fruits are extensively dried this treatment is practiced generally.

If wet weather occurs when beans are ready to pull, it is necessary to protect them from the rain. This may be done by driving stakes in the ground, and stacking the beans around them, and then covering the top with straw. In pulling beans by hand, three or four rows may be laid together, and left loosely, so that they will cure. Then, in case of threatened rain, they may be quickly gathered into stacks.—*Agriculturist.*

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* tried four different fertilizers for melons—poultry droppings, well-rotted cow manure, barnyard manure and old bones (gathered upon the farm and reduced by placing them in alternate layers with ashes for several years), mixing all liberally in the different hills, which were eight feet apart each way, and he says: "Such a crop of melons as came from the hills that had bone-dust I never saw before."

The hoe, rake, or other weeding implements must be frequently run along the rows of growing vegetables. The weeds must be killed. We hope that the time will come when every farmer will know the comfort that a well-planted and well-kept kitchen garden may bring him. Too many are yet content with salt-pork and old beans, when they might have abundance of spinach, green peas, radishes, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, etc. As the early crops come off they should be replaced by others, so that the garden may show no fallow or unoccupied ground. Provide for successive crops of peas, radishes, sweet corn, etc.—*Farm and Field.*

Health Hints.

Refined chalk made into a thick plaster with one-third as much glycerine as water, and spread on the parts, will cool inflammation and reduce redness of the nose or face.

To stop bleeding take the fine dust of tea and bind on the wound. Tide is at all times accessible and easy to obtain. After the blood has ceased to flow, a few drops of laudanum will help close up the wound.

Oranges are very beneficial if eaten early in the morning. In cases of dyspepsia an orange eaten every morning before breakfast will greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure the malady.

Here is another recipe for the removal of warts: Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Another way is to get a little bullock's gall, and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

A sick person can be sustained by this when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white thoroughly together; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This is often used in hospital service.

Tea is recommended for the following cases: After a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the cold; for both infants and especially for those who, living there, eat freely, or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates